Fictional Opinion Piece

The Tale of Terry the Treadless Tire

Hello everyone, I am Terry. I was once a happy tire living a happy life on an old Yugo, but now I am stuck in this giant tire yard. You can see me in this picture. I am fourth from the left on the twelfth row up from the bottom, right between Tony the Tire and Harold, my uncle. I once lived a busy life, driving up and down the streets of the former Yugoslavia. Suddenly, one day I found myself bare and lost, like in a bad dream. Nude and exposed, lacking all the tread I once bore. Well the Yugo owners did not like that and took me off my rim and shipped me here, where I live amongst all of my rejected brethren. I heard that Billy in sector 7G of this yard along with all of the accounting department just got turned into hockey pucks. Jim and Frank over on the East lot went under ‘reassignment’ surgery to become insulation. I, in the meanwhile sit here, between Tony and Harold, bored out of my wheelhouse, waiting to be called upon again to the real world. I would like to be vulcanized. I don’t know what that means, but as I’ve always said, live long and prosper.